Church Matters.

The Gospel Temperance Meeting will be held this evening in the lecture room of the Baptist church. A full attendance is desired. Until further notice these meetings will be held monthly, occurring on the last Saturday evening in each month.

Rev. E. D. Simons is preaching a course of Sabbath eve sermons on the Ten Commandments. The subject for to-morrow eve will be the FOURTH Commandment.

Thos. P. Day (local preacher), of Brookdale, spoke last Sabbath eve at Silver Lake hall. A goodly number were in attendance notwithstanding the storm.

Rev. Mr. Duffield, of the Westminster church, has organized a gentlemen's Bible class, of which class he is the teacher, in connection with the Sabbath school.

Sunday School Teachers' Association.

A meeting of this Association was held on Wednesday evening at the Park M. E. Church. The fine weather, the fine audience, and fine exercises all combined to make the gathering one of unusual interest. "How to Teach," was practically and ably shown by Rev. Wm. H. Brodhead, of Newark, in his teaching of the Lesson for the following Sabbath. The time occupied on the Lesson was about forty minutes, and the thoughts suggested were both practical and spiritual. Among the many helpful points, we note the following:

Peter visited the SAINTS, carrying out at the first opportunity the words of Jesus: "Feed my sheep, feed my lambs."

The fact of faith not being called for on the part of Æneas implied that he was already a child of faith.

The name used—Jesus THE MESSIAH—is suggestive.

The object and effect of miracle: To call attention to Christ.

Dorcas—her death, and the heartfelt sorrow occasioned: Would we be so missed, so lamented, if we were dead?

The Practical Lesson was: Serve Jesus *just where you are*. And the Searching Question: What are we doing for Christ?

At the close of Lesson Rev. Mr. Lowry expressed the thanks of the meeting to Mr. Brodhead in a few well-chosen words.

The matter of organizing a Normal Class for the S. S. teachers of Bloomfield was then taken up and discussed. Remarks favoring this action were made by Messrs. C. M. Davis, Moore, Broughton, Duffield, Russell, and others. A vote taken by show of hands demonstrated conclusively that the movement met the approval of our S. S. teachers, and would receive their earnest support. On motion, the details of organization, time, and place of meeting, leaders of class, etc., were referred to the Executive Committee of the Association.

Mr. Brodhead having kindly consented to meet with our teachers again, the offer was gladly accepted, and another meeting appointed for Wednesday evening of next week, at the Baptist Church. Mr. Brodhead will then teach the lesson for the following Sabbath, and a report will probably be handed in from the committee in regard to organization of the Normal Class.

The Seminary Lectures.

The German Theological Seminary has taken a new departure during the past season in the matter of lectures. It is understood to be the plan of the Faculty to have a course of lectures each term, adapted to the curriculum of instruction in the Seminary, but open to the public whenever the topics will prove of general interest.

This will be a good opportunity for our young people—and older people, too—to combine pleasure with profit. Dr. Craven's second lecture upon the Great Pyramid postponed by a family bereavement, was delivered last evening. Next week, commencing May 2, and continuing mainly on Wednesday evenings, the summer course will begin. The lectures, six in number, will be upon the more racy and humorous side of English and American literature, and will be given by Rev. S. W. Duffield. The list embraces the English humorists, Dickens, Kingsley, Irving, Holmes, and the American dialect humorists.

The tickets will be $1.00 for the course and 25 cents for single admission. The lecture on Dickens will possibly be changed from May 9 to May 8, in order not to conflict with Miss Browne's readings in Library Hall.

OBITUARY.

Mrs. Lavinia B. Frissell, the wife of Rev. A. C. Frissell, died at her residence on Broad Street, on Wednesday, the 18th inst.

Her death, though not unexpected, will be a surprise to many, for the serious character of her illness was not generally known.

Mrs. Frissell had been a resident of Bloomfield for about fifteen years, and although she was singularly modest and retiring in her disposition, she became actively interested in the old church with which she was connected, and also in its Sunday school work.

She leaves, besides her husband, three children: A. S. Frissell, Esq., of New York City, Rev. H. B. Frissell, the chaplain at Hampton Institute near Fortress Monroe, and a daughter who resided at home.

Her death makes a vacancy in a circle of devoted friends, while the loss to her family excites the sincere sympathy of all who had the pleasure of her acquaintance.

The Dreamer by Daylight.

[FOR THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN.]

I.

AS TO WANDERING MUSICIANS.

When spring returns, then returns the organ-grinder. What became of him and of the mangy little old-mannish monkey who goes with him, the Dreamer has never dared to imagine. Doubtless, he has hibernated, with his small companion, among rags and dirt, in one of the foreign quarters of the metropolis, where they talk Tuscan and draw knives. Yet here he is! His organ has been furbished up, and supplied with a new reel or two, and the crank moves with all its usual fluency and grace!

What muscle of the arm can it be that is developed by this perpetual motion of the organ-handle? The brown-faced, hard-featured Italian might say with Mr. Mantalini, "I am always grinding. I am perpetually grinding—my life is one dem'd horrid grind!" And this ought to, if it doesn't, make a formidable muscle of some sort or another. The man never seems to tire. He goes at it with a rhythmic motion which spins out the air from "Patience" at the same rate with the "Sweet By-and By," and the scrap from the old opera.

Why don't some one tell us the genealogy of the barrel organ? It must be because it has in it a mysterious popular element, that it shares with the foot-power cottage instrument such a universal distribution. But why should it harrow the soul, as it does, to hear a Strauss waltz on that same cabinet-organ, and equally to have an example of Wagner's "music of the future" on the other? The Dreamer himself cannot tell; he only mournfully soliloquizes.

The pathos of the barrel-organ is nothing after all to be compared with that of the "little German band." It has been either more or less than a month since through these rural ways of our own valley of peace, came strange foreigners, with stranger instruments playing the strangest tune! It had a weird, stirring quality to it, eddying and breaking, like waves upon a hard shore, against this new, unmitigated life of the West. Poor fellows! Their clothes were old and worn; their faces were brown with the sun. Each for himself, but all together, that singular melody was played. And it put salt into the blood, and in its outlandish shrillness and sharpness, and wild reiteration, it aroused the sluggish soul as do the strains of the bag-pipes. And all that the Dreamer now regrets is that he did not lounge up to the fence and lean luxuriously over it, and be ready with his quarter-dollar against the time of its demand.

Such things do not always come to us—such real and sincere enjoyments in our unsentimental journey through the world. Wherefore, beloved, it becometh us to remember much that we might forget, and to be free from harshness towards these apparently useless people, who "enjoy hunger by day and noise by night," like Chispa's musicians in the Spanish Student.

Think, for instance, of that street-scene, which the Dreamer lovingly recalls, albeit it was in the chill weather and the air was wet. There, on the curb-stone, paced the piper—a Scotch lad with a ruddy face, and a look about him as of the "land o' cakes." And he had skirled up a bit of a tune, which carried one away off to the days of Rob Roy MacGregor, or that "Wedding of Shon MacLean" of which Robert Buchanan tells us. How it filled the piper's own soul, until he forgot the dirty street and the frowsy women and the ragged children; until the slatterns who hung out of the windows to listen became glorified, until the dance and shout of the tenement-house urchin's about him grew to be the happy applause of his native village—aye, until the hard realities of life came pressing in, and the vision disappeared! Thus with unvitiated voice Music, the heavenly maid, though keen in tone, and even bitter in speech, had penetrated the noisome fastnesses of that Doubting Castle of vice and shame. For an instant a glamour of art was across the scene, and alas, the Dreamer could wield neither brush nor pencil to send the picture out to bless the world!

These wandering sons of the divine mother—the foundlings and orphans of melody—do mankind more good than we suppose. They are the only substitutes nowadays for the Troubadour and Minnesinger. The monkey's red jacket alone reminds us of the jester with his bauble and his tinkling bells. Music has gone to college and has graduated in cap and gown. The vast orchestral sweep of noble symphonies belittles the poor, tramping peasant—the gypsy of the highways of harmonious sound. Be merciful, my masters, and suffer this too to share in the number of those cherished barbarisms which lend a touch of poetry and pathos to our lot, which give an Old World mellow color to our fire-new finery of to-day, with its harsh contrasts and its unmodified tints.

The Dreamer, dreaming one spring day in a lady's boudoir, heard the notes of a harp, cleverly struck on the pavement beneath. The window was raised, and there, ten feet below, was the little Piccolo—the apple-faced mannikin from the Roman shores. And he went on twanging his harp—poor little servitor of some unknown *padrone*! And, truly, it was the hand of an artist that touched the strings. Piteously he looked up at last. With a sad grace off went his little cap as the window opened. He had no English, but in his native tongue he prayed the beautiful lady, for heaven's sweet sake, to drop a coin to him.

And the beautiful lady not only dropped the coin, but she spoke to him in his own speech, and the poor little man was all aglow with delight. And after that day, not once, but many times, came this wandering minstrel, this unforgotten small sparrow of the street, to play his tune and even to sing his song, and to be addressed from the opening window in heavenly words to cheer his homesick soul.

The Dreamer would like to paint that picture, also, if he could!

To Our Storekeepers.

It is the intention of the publishers of THE CITIZEN to make a paper which shall find its way into every home in Bloomfield where a live local newspaper will be welcome.

It is worth something to every business man in town to let the people know what he is doing and what he has to sell.

It will pay you to advertise your business in THE CITIZEN, and not only your business, but also special notice of anything of unusually good quality.

If any one of the storekeepers has a lot of extra fine butter or flour or eggs, or any commodity, let him tell the people so through the newspaper, and it is safe to predict that the public will recognize his enterprise.

I would rather be right than be President.—*Henry Clay.*

Speaking against time has become one of the fine arts.—*Charles Sumner.*

The proper motives to religion are the proper proofs of it.—*Bishop Butler.*

There is nothing so strong or safe in any emergency of life as the simple truth.—*Dickens.*

The truer we become, the more unerringly we know the ring of truth.—*F. W. Robertson.*

What is sadder in our reflection, and yet what more frequent than our unconscious farewells!—*George Eliot.*

DEATHS.

BEAM.—On Wednesday, the 25th of April, 1883, Louis V. Beam, of Glen Ridge, in the 24th year of his age.

Funeral services at Christ's Church, Bloomfield, on Saturday, 28th inst, at 2 o'clock.

SPECIAL ADVERTISEMENTS.

Announcement.

In changing my place of business I take great pleasure in announcing through the columns of the first issue of THE BLOOMFIELD CITIZEN that I will move to my new store on Broad Street, nearly opposite Post Office, on or about May 1, where I wish to see all my former patrons and many new ones. I make a specialty of Best Elgin Creamery Butter and Minn. Patent Flour. Thanking my patrons for past favors, I hope by selling at the lowest market prices to merit a continuance of the same.

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